

Dear Judge Pitlyk,

James' actions have affected me physically and mentally. It is a tragic loss, but what he has done is very bad and I feel as though he should serve his time for a very long time, and I hope that it does not happen to anybody else.

Sincerely,

A [REDACTED] L [REDACTED]

Judge Pitlyk –

I am contacting you today in regards to a request for a victim impact statement regarding the crime committed by my brother against my son.

Every day since has essentially been a waking nightmare. Something like this should never happen. It's a backstabbing at a biblical level. The crime has impacted my family in ways that will never ever be repaired. Short of killing someone, this is about as heinous a crime as can be committed.

The crime has impacted our family to it's core and the damage is not repairable. Starting with my parents – my father has aged about 10 years. I know that despite the fact that the defendant is his son, he is heartbroken – we all are. My mother has had a steep mental decline ever since this happened. She's no longer herself. She hurts herself by falling and walks around in a daze. My grandmother says that she "wishes she would just die" now that her favorite grandson – the defendant – is essentially dead. After losing her son to a heart attack and her husband a few years back, and now having this happen with the defendant, she no longer cares to go on living.

Obviously, my cousin and aunt can speak for themselves, but their family is torn apart as well.

The defendant has our family name. He is the 3rd James R. Lambert. He had DISGRACED and DISHONORED the family name FOREVER.

This is a dark cloud that hangs over everyone's head all the time, and likely always will.

As far as my immediate family, the impact on our son is obviously far reaching. Years of therapy are in order. Imagine having to ask your son for permission if you can show him affection. In order to reset boundaries of consent and try to help him unlearn the damage that has been done, we have to ask to give our son a hug.

Imagine having to think about it every time you play the sport you love – hockey. Every time we go to a rink, we are reminded. Hockey is a huge part of our lives and now it has been permanently soiled. There have been physical injuries A█ sustained that I do not wish to get into, I can't bring myself to even type it out. But they are there. It's too graphic for me to get into.

Our son is completely innocent in all of this. It takes a seriously sick, evil person to harm someone like our son. He is a great brother and the son that every parent dreams of. It takes a seriously evil person to harm a child, let alone one who is as outstanding and pure hearted as our son.

The amount of trust we have had for babysitters has always been very limited. We have only ever trusted blood relatives to watch our children. Due to my job, the defendant volunteered to drive our son to and from hockey and to help him develop his skills. Not only

are the extra skating sessions and experiences all gone now. His development has slowed and while he still enjoys playing, I am positive a part of his love of the game is gone.

The way he interacts with adults had always been something that I was confused about. It seemed like he was cautious or holding back with adults and I never knew why. And he was always very self-conscious about changing in front of people into his hockey gear. I didn't know why before, but now I do. That alone is so heart breaking I can't even put it into words.

Our son's middle name is the defendant's first name. Imagine wondering if you have to change your son's name because of sexual abuse. That's a reality for us.

The immense level of betrayal is something that I will never get over. And if you can't trust your own brother, who CAN you trust? I will never fully trust anyone ever again.

In my personal life, I had to quit my job and switch to a lower paying job to work regular hours. As a process server, I was required to put in hours on weekends and nights, without the defendant's help, I could no longer do that. I took a substantial pay cut and started a new job. I had to quit that job as well and work at a different job now. Already since this has happened, I have had 3 different jobs in the course of a year. None of this would have ever happened if that sick, twisted piece of human filth defendant hadn't committed the crime that he did.

It has had an impact on the relationships I have with my other children. It has impacted the relationship I have with my wife and with her family as well. This is a burden that I carry every single day. I have not been the same since and I doubt very much I will ever be the same again. The mental and psychological trauma is at a level I didn't know I could experience.

Relationships with friends have been permanently altered as well. Everyone knows what happened... everyone. Any place I go, I no longer feel as free to be myself for fear of judgement. I used to be what some would call a "social butterfly" - not so anymore.

The emotional impact can't be understated. It's so traumatic to even try to think about how I felt during the different stages of the entire thing. It's still traumatic but in a different way than at the beginning. Time does heal all things, but I am emotionally scarred for the rest of my life, I have no doubt about that at all. I no longer feel things the same way anymore. It's hard to describe. It's a very hollow feeling, like something is always wrong and there is extremely terrible life altering bad news around every corner. It's obviously still a huge burden making a huge emotional impact. I apologize if I am repeating myself, but this entire situation is like being in some kind of out of body experience.

Every time I see the same type of car that the defendant drove, I feel like I want to run it off the road. Obviously, I don't, but I am CONSTANTLY reminded. The level of rage I feel is something I didn't realize was even within me. I used to be a very happy person. I am not the same. Something inside of me is dead, replaced with emptiness, sadness, and rage.

I could go on - I could write out pages and pages of how awful this experience has been, but I don't think anything I say here will change what the outcome will surely be.

The defendant should NEVER be allowed out of prison. EVER. No family should have to go through this. There are not words strong enough for how I feel about this. The only thing I could ask for – to have the death penalty carried out and me be allowed to throw the switch – is not realistic. That is maybe the only thing that would be truly just in this situation – that I be allowed to end the defendant's life personally. I am not sorry that I feel this way.

Please make sure that the defendant never sees the outside of a cell ever again. I want terrible things to happen to him, I want him to feel the pain that we feel - but magnified tenfold. I want him to never have comfort for the rest of his life, which I want to be painful and terrible.

He has claimed that he is “in a living hell” already. As an atheist, he must've thought there would be no punishment for this. I know much better. I am glad that God is just and without a serious amount of penance, the defendant is looking forward to eternal damnation. That's exactly what he deserves. And I hope the rest of his life here is just as miserable.

I would also like to be able to address the defendant at his sentencing. I have things that need to be said directly.

Thank you,

B ■ L ■

Dear Judge Pitlyk,

I am writing to you in my capacity as the mother of N[REDACTED]. May 15, 2023 our lives came to a devastating halt. The news came to me in a phone call. James, my nephew, had been sexually abusing my son for over a decade. He was under the guise of the role model cousin mentoring N[REDACTED]. I was a single mother with two children. At that time, their father worked second shift and was unable to help with evening activities. While I was taking my other child to her activities, James was taking N[REDACTED] to hockey practices and games. I had no idea he was grooming him. After all, he was my nephew and we grew up together. He was closer in age to me than his father. I loved James. I treated him like my own and was thankful that he was another male role model in N[REDACTED]'s life. Years after this began, his family moved out of the country and I offered James a place to live. He rented my basement until May 15, 2023. This is where he preyed on his nephew, A[REDACTED], showing a pattern of serial abuse.

After the disclosure on May 15, 2023, James snuck out of my house and fled to Momence, Illinois. He went to his grandmother's home in Illinois where his parents were living at the time. We realized he had a gun in our home after he was gone. His safe was opened and a clip was on the floor, but no gun. We were fearing for our lives wondering what he would do to keep this from becoming public. We were not aware that he was driving to Illinois. The reaction his parents had was disturbing. His father began to send threatening texts to my husband regarding James' things in the basement. The family questioned N[REDACTED] on the validity of his suspicions regarding the sexual abuse of A[REDACTED]. At one point, N[REDACTED] was told by A[REDACTED]'s father that he was making pretty big accusations. None of us can imagine what trauma from childhood sexual abuse could trigger in a person, but I knew my son was not lying. On Friday, May 19, 2023, at the urging of his parents, James attempted to return to our home in Missouri to "get some clothes and his toothbrush". He came at a time when no one would usually be home however due to the trauma we were enduring, we were home. We could barely function and all I could do was try and console my son. James was met with locks changed and a 360 security surveillance system that we had installed. We could see that he tried to enter through the back door, got in his car and backed out, stopped, came back and tried to enter through the garage. Again, we were afraid of what James may do and we immediately contacted the detectives. The text threats continued demanding we allow this predator back into the home as we could not "hold his things hostage". James fled back to Illinois. He refused to cooperate with authorities. He attempted to hang himself and shoot himself. His parents offered a suicide cocktail of drugs. We continued to live in fear never really knowing what their next disturbing attempt would be. Eventually, he was arrested and taken into custody and after quite some time he was transported back to Missouri.

The impact on N[REDACTED] and our family is beyond what any human should have to deal with. He will never recover from the childhood that was stolen from him. He has been to counselors, mental health facilities, a psychiatrist and was admitted to Mercy Hospital Behavioral Center for suicide attempts and paranoia. He had to quit his job due to PTSD. He spent multiple nights sleeping

with me, waking up sobbing throughout the night. He just wanted to be dead. For months, he was unable to hold a steady job due to fear, anxiety, PTSD, and dissociating with the world around him in order to cope. Statistics show that people that have been a childhood victim of sexual abuse either end up in jail or kill themselves.

Due to James' heinous acts, our family is destroyed. A line has been drawn. James' mother and father have my 88 year old mother held hostage. I am unable to talk to her or see her as she is being monitored. Her life is her grandkids. Not only did she have to be involved in him fleeing out of state to her home but she has only seen her other four grandkids once since May 2023. N[REDACTED] feels she doesn't care about him. He feels that she has sided with James. He is distraught that his uncle, James' father, walked in on James and him when N[REDACTED] was a young boy. James slammed the door. James' father, the victim's uncle, witnessed something suspicious but didn't investigate further. This lack of intervention likely caused N[REDACTED] immense pain and confusion. He now has difficulty with relationships. He has a sports betting addiction as he was taught how to do this at 7 by James, it became a frequent bribe tactic. I feel helpless but I am his mother and will continue to fight for him. The financial toll on my family has been devastating. We were tasked with removing his personal belongings and gutting our basement after the authorities searched our home for the enormous amount of evidence that has been recovered.

My son is a hero for coming forward. His courage will protect others. By coming forward, he prevented further harm to A[REDACTED] and potentially two other family members. The trauma he experienced is real, and it's important for him to get the help he needs to heal. The program I found that would be a good fit for him is a 45 day program with a price tag of \$70,000. I have spoken with two young men that have gone through this program and now work with other victims. I pray daily that somehow I can make this happen for him.

James Lambert's actions are reprehensible and caused immense pain to our family. It is our opinion that fifty years in federal prison is not a fair sentence for a person that has committed these heinous acts on multiple victims repeatedly from 2007 until he was caught in 2023. The safety of our family and the community demands James be held accountable to the fullest extent of the law. A life sentence with no possibility of parole is an appropriate way to ensure he can never harm anyone again.

Sincerely,

J[REDACTED] S[REDACTED]

Dear Judge Pitlyk,

On Monday, May 15, 2023, I worked up enough courage to mentally overcome eleven years of threats and lies and told a secret I thought I would never tell. When I was 6 years old, my cousin, James Lambert, started sexually abusing me. I'm writing this to tell you about his mental and sexual abuse, and the impact it's had on me. I recently learned that the court proceedings for the thirteen indictments in the state have been postponed until August. I am concerned that one day James will be released from prison and come after me.

I watched my cousin James and his brother B■■ play hockey and they were like heroes to me. At the young age of 6, James offered to take me under his wing and coach me. As a young hockey player, I had the hopes and dreams that many others have, to be a pro hockey player and one day go to the NHL. My cousin James knew that and took advantage of my dreams. I spent countless hours training with James, trying to achieve my goals. I believed in myself. I did my best to follow James' training schedule and rules. James moved into my mom's house when I was 12. He took me to hockey camps and college hockey games, even out of state because he said I needed to learn as much as I could. Hockey is a tough sport. I got multiple concussions yet nothing stopped James from sexually abusing me through it all. In hotel rooms, in bathrooms. No matter how bad it hurt, or how bad I wanted to quit hockey, James said I had to keep going if I wanted to play in the NHL. I respected James at first, and I trusted he was helping me reach my dreams. But James had different plans for me and during the years I spent playing, James turned my dreams into a nightmare. I was 6 years old when he took my innocence. He took what wasn't his to take. He robbed me of my whole childhood and I will never get those years back.

People ask "Why didn't you tell" or "Why didn't you quit hockey"? The answer is quite complicated. It wasn't just sexual abuse, it was also mental abuse. James had so many people that loved him and looked up to him. He acted like he cared about all of us, and by the time he started abusing me, he knew everything about me. I really believed he cared about me, and I cared about him too, he was like a big brother to me. But then, he began tearing me down. Even before he sexually assaulted me, he started crossing my boundaries and invading my privacy. As time went by he would take my phone and look through my messages. He was harassing me about social media. He would yell at me until I cried. What made it even worse is he was a family member everyone trusted, so even before he sexually abused me he already had

control of me. He had control of the whole situation. Toward the beginning, his father J [REDACTED] L [REDACTED] walked in on him sexually abusing me and James jumped up and pushed him out of the room slamming the door behind him and he continued abusing me. At that point, all hope was lost. But after he started sexually abusing me, it got much worse. He demanded my silence and he also told me I was a disappointment to my parents and family. And after being sexually abused by James, I believed what he was telling me. Because being sexually abused made me hate myself.

He knew everything I did, even when I wasn't with him. There was no escaping James. He never approved of my friends, telling me that my best friend was a "piece of _____," and all of my other friends were "white trash". He told me HE was the only one who truly cared about me. Yet, there were countless days that he would tell me I was fat and needed to lose 10-15 pounds to be good at hockey. He would yell at me until I cried. He would videotape every practice and every game, and even off the ice. But there were also days where I would come into the rink and he would completely ignore me when I didn't do what he wanted me to do, but he would be in a good mood with everyone else. Sometimes he threw water on me when he didn't like the way I was skating. I knew he was talking bad about me to people. I have many memories of having to get off the ice because I was having a panic attack. Memories of crying in the bathroom because of the things he would say and do to me, or the way he would treat me. Trying to hide all my feelings so no one would see my pain. His words burned into my head. I had to think through everything I said to James, starting from the moment I woke up every morning. I learned that if I didn't try to make him happy, I would pay for it. And most of the time I paid for it anyway.

I have some very vivid memories of things James said to me. I remember the morning after the first time he assaulted me, I was 6. I was upstairs sitting in a chair waiting to leave to go to the ice arena. James walked upstairs and came over to me. He looked down at me, kissed me and all I could do was scream inside. He had told me I couldn't tell anyone and I didn't think anyone would believe me. But behind closed doors, no one knew the hell he was putting me through. This is where things got horrific and never stopped. I was fourteen when I had the opportunity to go with him to Switzerland where his parents lived. We traveled around Europe. His parents, my aunt and uncle, got us our own hotel room. He gave me alcohol and sexually abused me. I was thousands of miles away from home and everyone in Switzerland loved James. I had to shut it out to survive, but this was the beginning of the nightmares and anxiety, the headaches and the stomach pain. After I got home, I said I wanted to quit

hockey. My parents thought I was traumatized by a concussion I had just gotten. They thought I would regret giving up all my years of hard work and then told James I wanted to quit. I was scared and I felt trapped, nobody would believe what he did to me, and what would he do if I told? My parents knew something was wrong, but I couldn't find the words to tell them. They made me go to therapy, but James knew. He told me I couldn't say anything, and I didn't. I learned to split my life in two.

I started hating the sport I once loved because I knew that every day I went, there was a possibility that he would take me to a hotel or a bathroom and do unexplainable things to me. The few times I felt brave enough to challenge James when in public, couldn't people see something was wrong? I felt like no one cared about me, but now I know it was his abuse that isolated me. James knew every move I made and wanted me to believe that he was the only person I could trust, the only person who cared about me. When he wasn't being horribly mean to me, he was saying he loved me and I felt like I was crazy.

There were other trips, when I thought I'd be safe because other people were with us. But I was wrong. James just manipulated everyone and kept abusing me. I can't explain the overwhelming feelings I had. When I tried to get out of going on a trip it didn't work, because James manipulated everyone. I felt like I was never going to be free of him. There were many times that I just didn't want to be alive anymore, and would think of every way I could kill myself. I sat in my bed at night thinking about what would make it easier — slitting my wrists, hanging myself, jumping in front of or off of something? All of my hope and trust was gone. I had nothing left, because he took everything. But my little cousin A■■ started playing hockey with James, and I couldn't risk him being hurt like I was. I couldn't leave my little cousin behind. I couldn't kill myself — not because I didn't want to, but because I couldn't put my parents through that. But I would go to bed hoping I wouldn't wake up in the morning because I knew that when I did, I would have James to deal with and do my best to make him happy and deal with whatever mood he was in that day, or I would pay. I asked James so many times to stop. He kept giving me pot, like that could make up for robbing me of everything I had. I was full of fear but I realized that if I stayed silent, I was never going to be free and A■■ would suffer the same long-term fate I did.

A million pounds of weight was lifted by telling the secret. And I was so relieved that everyone who mattered to me, believed and supported me. But I'm not free. I still have memories and nightmares of hotel days and trips where James sexually abused

me. I still have to fight my own mind, because I don't want to trust anyone. I can't fully trust anyone because of what James did to me. I will forever be battling with nightmares and trust issues. Sights, sounds, smells, and even the air temperature bring anxiety and horrible memories. I struggle with feeling tense, it's hard for me to relax. While he's still not sentenced, I've had anxiety about just going out in public, I've had anxiety driving. I will forever be scarred with what he has put me through, and I have to live with that, because an adult man decided it was okay to rape and mentally abuse a child for over eleven years. It took a while for me to understand that I didn't deserve this. And that I didn't ruin James' life. James did this. He has told people I was a troubled child, and we were a troubled family because my parents were divorced. But James was the trouble. I hope that he is never allowed to do this to another child ever again.

This process has been very hard. I had to mentally prepare myself to write this letter over and over, because I don't know if he will stay in jail. It feels like James is still in control. Once again, he took something important, that was mine, and forced himself in. I feel like he has taken eleven years of my life, and now I will always be on guard and never have another relationship again. I hope that he is given the maximum sentence of life in prison.

I don't know what the future holds, but I'm grateful for the help and support I've been given. I'm thankful for the people who defended me. I want to thank the investigators and their teams, Detective Rebecca Hurwitz and Detective Rick Frauenfelder from the Lake Saint Louis police department, Special Agent Mark Kutrip Homeland Security Investigations, The St. Charles County Cyber Unit and my advocates, Danielle and Vickie. Thank you Your Honor, I know you have a hard and important decision to make today.

Sincerely,

N [REDACTED] T [REDACTED]

Dear Judge Sarah Pitlyk,

While it seems likely that James will receive a lengthy sentence, I feel compelled to make known some of the ways this heinous crime has affected my son, my family, and me.

I am continually haunted by the thoughts of the unspeakable actions performed by James. Every time I see a Volkswagen Jetta on the road, I am filled with more anger and hate than I have ever encountered in my life. I am not sure I can ever let that go. Every time I fold my son's laundry, I am consumed with thoughts of what may have happened in those clothes. I have had to throw out any clothes that I know he has worn with James. I have had to see pictures of my own son in these clothes with James at these horrible moments, and I won't ever forget that. I cannot be alone in my own car without tears pouring down my face because anger, guilt, and fear that consumes me when I am alone. I am filled with all of the thoughts of the things that have happened to my son and what I wish I would have done to prevent this. My mind is also full of worry about the future because of the things that have happened to my son.

My husband and I never let our kids go anywhere with anyone except family members because we never wanted to trust anyone else. We feel that no one else could love and care for our children as much as we do, but we thought family members would come in a close second. We never have had a babysitter that wasn't family. We never let them in anyone else's car, but we thought we could trust my son's uncle, my husband's own brother. I was at a vulnerable time when we started letting my son go places with James. I had just had a new baby who hated car rides and needed help getting my son to some of his hockey games and practices. My husband worked in the evenings. James volunteered, and I thought I could trust him. I would make sure I made enough dinner for him when he would pick up and drop off my son so he could feel appreciated with a homecooked meal. I bought him some of his favorite snacks whenever I would see them at the store, among so many other things. I feel absolutely sick when I think of how I would do these things for him and how I spent so much time feeling bad about inconveniencing him with the long drives, knowing now what he was doing to my son. I am telling you about these things so that you could possibly imagine the amount of betrayal I felt and continue to feel when I found out what James was doing. There are so many things that my husband and I put into place to protect our kids, only to have this horrific thing happen to my young child. This will affect our son for the rest of his life and will forever add to our worry about him. Every time he has a relationship in the future, I will have to wonder in what ways his trauma might resurface. If he has trouble forming relationships in the future, I will always wonder if it has to do with the trauma he has endured as a young child. Never did I think I would be taking my most well-adjusted, sweet and loving child to therapy every week for months and months to help him deal with the trauma he endured from his own uncle.

The crime James committed has obviously affected how my son views and associates with other adults. We have spent months trying to show him that he can still trust other people. I try to help him make sense of the fact that someone so close to him and loved by him could do something like that to him. He has lost his main hockey mentor and hockey is something that is very important to my son. It hurts to know that my son is hurting because he believed that James was very beneficial to his hockey career.

My family was mortified when the crime came out to the public and was seen by the hockey community and they found out what James did. While our son's name was not in the news, everyone knew who James was taking to practices and coaching, so they all knew that my son was one of his

victims. Some people in the hockey community won't talk to my family anymore. I'm sure there are parents wondering how I didn't notice this was happening and are wondering how I ever could have associated with James. Parents would call me and tell me that kids were talking about my son and James in the locker rooms. Other parents had to fear that their child could have been a victim and would call me to ask what I knew about that. That felt terrible. I have to worry every time that my son goes into a locker room that some little jerk kid is going to make fun of him or shun him because of something that happened to him that was not at all his fault. We weren't sure how we were ever going to show our faces at the rinks again. We were only able to go through with it because of how badly our son wanted to continue to play.

This is terribly hard to write, but as far as physical damage goes for my son, he has voiced to me how the sexual acts were painful. He has had trouble with bowel movements. This is all I can bear to write on that matter. Knowing these things hurts me so deeply that I cannot begin to explain. This all makes me sick almost every day of my life. I cannot begin to imagine how my son feels.

I trust that his sentence will fit the crime, as no one in my family would like to see James ever again or worry that it could ever be a possibility, nor would we want there ever to be a possibility that he could do this to another child.

Thank you for reading.

Respectfully,

P [REDACTED] L [REDACTED]